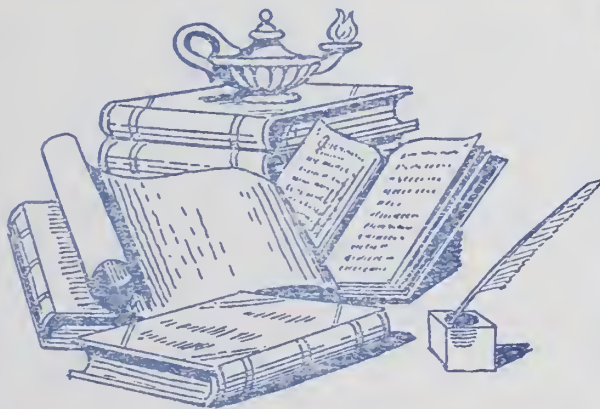


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APRIL 1911



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HARLEQUIN HAZARD

A NIGHT WITH A NOSE.

IT was a very bleak night, black and threatening, and fitful squalls, whirling through the empty streets, made shrouded ghosts of the white dust, that swept along and vanished in the darkness like witches on brooms; and all the rickety, spook-haunted houses, staring with their blank windows into the night, trembled as with fear and chattered with their crazy casements.

Here and there blinked a drowsy lamp-light, and, like a spoiled child, wasted its scanty rays in building huge shadowy playthings, hunchback ogres and shapeless monsters that crouched in the mouths of murky alleys and lay in wait around gloomy corners. Now and then, among the gables of roof-tops, wild echoes broke in upon the stillness, like the noises of night-birds among the tombstones of a church-yard. Then

the silence would become more intense, and the hurrying steps of a belated traveler would ring on the stones in the distance. For all good men hasten home on such nights, and wayfarers seek some haven of steaming pots and good cheer, and leave the wild streets to skulking outcasts and ruffians.

Yet out in the bleak night wandered Harlequin Hazard. He was no ruffian. His timid heart quailed at every unearthly night-cry; and as he crept past the yawning gulf of each black doorway, he shuddered, and yearned to be building night-proof air-castles in his pleasant five-by-ten-foot home. But wish as he would and try as he might, he could no more resist the impulse to follow his nose than he could manage to live without it. For he was a peculiar fellow; and from his birth had undergone a peculiar bringing-up. He had been brought up, not by hand, as most lucky fellows are, but instead by his nose, with a mother's "God bless you!" every time he sneezed. And since that prominent organ, having taken a remarkable turn in his youth, possessed an incurable tendency to poke itself into all sorts of strange places at the strangest times, his inability to control it led to many a marvellous goose-chase and wondrous adventure.

It was not a very flexible nose, unhappily, but stiff and straight, yet turning upon a sort of double joint at times, like the rudder of a ship, to steer him into some new sea of trouble. And as he drifted about at its mercy, he was continually under the dreadful apprehension of its leading him suddenly into some one of the many horrid alleys that he was forced to pass, and losing him in a labyrinth of blackness. Being an imaginative fellow, his keen eye could pierce the darkest vault and discern all manner of

indescribable creatures and phantoms gambolling therein; and every sound was an ear-splitting shriek.

When he reached the junction of Craven Court and Gibbet Street, he floundered uncertainly in the wind for a moment, like a ship about to tack. Craven Court was an evil-looking place, especially in the night-time, and faint-hearted people shunned it instinctively. There were no lamps in it, and the tall, brick tenements standing on either side, seemed to shut out every sound, as well as the little light that might otherwise have found its way there on so dark a night. Into this court turned Harlequin Hazard, passing slowly along close to the walls, with his hat well down over his eyes and his collar well up over his ears. Before he had gone very far, however, he came to a narrow passage that thrust itself in between two high buildings. As he peered into it, his imagination filled it with the direst horrors in an instant. He tried to shrink back, and at the same time essayed to pass it with a stride. But before either purpose could be accomplished, his nose, with a sudden wrench, seemed to drag him far into the gloomy depths of the dark alley. There he was at length able to stop, and, having turned down his collar, he listened eagerly,—not a sound disturbed the stillness; and when he had pulled up his hat from his eyes, he found himself in an impenetrable blackness, but, near-by, a narrow bar of light pushed itself out into the darkness, from a window whose sash was faultily pulled. That was a most pleasant sight. It was a comfortable distance from the ground; and even had his nose not been responsible for it, Harlequin Hazard could hardly be blamed, under the circumstances, for doing what he did. He peeped in.

The room which he saw was a study,

to all appearances, with shelves of books round the walls, before which, at every few paces, white statues stood guard like sentinels. There was a fire of glowing embers on the hearth, that threw a ruddy reflection on the polished desk near-by, for the dim lamp that hung in a corner gave but little light in some parts of the room. Altogether it was a place in which Harlequin Hazard's imagination would have delighted to picture a languid book-worm or a dull-eyed scholar buried in volumes or lost in profound meditation. Never would he have thought to find there such a motley set of men as the four he beheld leaning over the table in the middle of the room. They appeared to be representatives from each of the four quarters of the globe, so remarkably in contrast with their surroundings were they, and so decidedly different from one another in appearance.

The strangest of the strange assembly was a short, swaggering seaman, in a blue sailor suit, whose nose seemed to be screwed so deeply into his face that, except for two small, wondering holes, that gave him a half-comical, half-terrible expression, no nose whatever could be seen. He sat at the side of the table directly opposite the window, and on his left was a little, withered savage, of most ferocious aspect, who had nothing on but a striped blanket, which he kept wound around himself as tightly as a mummy's shroud; whilst on the sailor's right was a swarthy dragoon in a dashing uniform and square-toed jack-boots, looking as if he had just popped out of the Battle of Waterloo, mustache, sabre, and all. The fourth of the strange group, however, was dressed in the manner of a rich country gentleman, perhaps a lawyer, whose features betokened intelligence and nobleness as clearly as his

white beard indicated his age. Such an assembly as this is not often to be found in a modern dwelling-house. Harlequin Hazard watched them intently, wondering what their secret council could possibly be about.

As they leaned over the table and whispered together, the dragoon kept glancing suspiciously about at the white sentinels, as if fearful of being overheard. Often the four gesticulated wildly, thumping their fists upon the table, especially the sailor, who appeared to take a fiendish delight in making the glasses jump. Sometimes, too, the sailor traced a crooked path with a swart finger upon a large yellow chart. Indeed, it was the sailor who whispered most and drank most—looking comically fierce as he took up his glass, and terribly comical as he put it down. The shrouded savage occasionally nodded his head, as if assenting to what the sailor said; while the other two listened, followed the swart finger on the chart, knitted their brows, interrupted now and then, listened again, and kept listening until, at length, with a last quaking thump of his fist, the sailor ended his narration, and screwed his face into such a contortion of jollity and fierceness that he shivered at it. A short consultation seemed to take place then, after which the sailor filled all the glasses from a long-necked bottle; and when a toast had been drunk, all went out except the old gentleman.

The old gentleman, left alone, stood for a moment as if absorbed in meditation. His attitude was that of a man trying to determine what course to pursue. Rousing himself, at length, however, he placed in his desk the chart together with a packet of letters tied with a red ribbon, which the sailor had left with him, and, having put out the light, he settled himself in a large

chair before the fire. There he soon fell asleep, with the ruddy light of the hearth playing upon his pale countenance and upon the white faces of the sentinels close by.

Harlequin Hazard, whose nose had been pressed against the window-pane all this while, now attempted to move away; but at that moment the door of the room was opened. The huddled figure of a man entered, and launched forward with such velocity that he would surely have broken his nose against the hard head of one of the sentinels, had he possessed any nose to speak of. For it was the sailor who had returned, rolling and reeling like a tub in a rough sea. His staggering gait tracked a course across the room as crooked as that which his swart finger had traced on the yellow chart a short while before. It was the bottle he was after, evidently, the long-necked bottle from which he had been filling their glasses. And as he clung to the table for support, he searched upon it with his fist. But away with the glasses now! He swept them off with a hasty movement of his arm, and clutching the bottle in his greedy fingers, he threw back his head and poured the liquor into his throat like water. It was not light enough to see his features, but his form was like that of a monstrous gorilla. Not once did he pause until he had finished the bottle; then, whirling it about his head like a huge club, he let it fly wild, and tumbled his length upon the floor.

The bottle narrowly missed the head of the old gentleman, who still appeared to be sleeping soundly, and, crashing into the fire, it scattered the embers on the hearth. The light in the room grew dimmer then, and the face of the old man was made more pale, as short blue flames arose from the coals. An occasional flicker lit up

the face of the sailor, too, who lay stunned or asleep on the floor. Thus all seemed quiet for the night, and again Harlequin Hazard wished to go away; but his nose still remained hard against the window, and so he kept wishing, and waiting, and watching.

Before many moments had elapsed, the door was again opened, and two forms, apparently the dragoon and the withered savage, crept in. They seemed fearful of making the least noise, and crept forward stealthily. They stopped as if amazed when they came to the sailor, but immediately crept on again until they reached the sleeping old gentleman. The dragoon crouched behind his chair; but the savage was before him, and, pressing the end of a blow-pipe over his heart, blew it, and then spring back. It was a poisoned dart he had used. The old man's face twitched painfully, his limbs writhed, he grew rigid, and his distorted features became ghastly. Then he was quiet.

Without a moment's hesitation the dragoon had set to work rummaging in the desk. It did not take him long to find the chart and the packet tied with red ribbon, and, slipping these into a pocket he began to scatter handfuls of paper on the floor, taking them from the desk and making a sort of trail with them from the desk to the hearth, and thence to the unconscious sailor. This done, he grasped the savage by the arm and hastily dragged him out by the door through which they had entered.

During all the time that Harlequin Hazard had been pressing his nose against the cold window-pane, he had not really conceived the meaning of the terrible work going on in the little room; the horror of the deed had not fully impressed him. But now that all was at an end and the room had be-

come dark, now that he found himself alone in that black, narrow passage, his imagination pictured the scene over again, and the horror of it all fell upon him. In the darkness he seemed to see the huddled figures of the dragoon and the savage; they were lying in wait for him, he thought, at the mouth of the alley. And when he retreated in the opposite direction, he imagined that he saw the noseless sailor there, whirling the black bottle over his head, and calling upon him to prove that he had not done the murder. In his confusion, he knew not where to turn; but, having taken a few steps in the direction where the noseless sailor seemed to be, he found that a window of a room adjoining the one in which he had seen the murder was partly open. His eyes, which had become somewhat used to the darkness of the place, could just discern it. That seemed to be his only chance of safety. He would creep in, waken the people of the house, and tell all that he had seen! Surely there were other people in the house! He could not encounter the dragoon or the noseless sailor, who, he now felt certain, were stealthily creeping upon him in the darkness. Instantly he climbed upon the window-sill, but as he swung his leg into the room, his foot struck something, and a loud crash followed. He paused and listened. Footsteps sounded in the house, coming hurriedly towards the room, and excited voices arose. The door opened. In the lighted frame stood the swarthy dragoon, sword in hand. Harlequin Hazard fell, rather than jumped to the ground. And whether his nose was struck senseless in doing so, or whether it was ren-

dered powerless by the unexpected sight of the dragoon's sabre, it is hard to say; but certain it is that the nose was completely forgotten, and five minutes later, just as the clock was striking twelve, Harlequin Hazard, breathless and terrified, was climbing the six flights of stairs to his pleasant five-by-ten-foot home.

But he slept little that night. His mind dwelt continually on the murder he had witnessed; and he longed impatiently for the morning, when he might learn from the papers whether the terrible deed had been discovered, and whether the noseless sailor had been charged with it. He feared, too, that his footprints would be discovered in the alley, and that he would be tracked by bloodhounds and run to earth as the guilty man.

But, at length came the morning, and with it came the newsboy, whistling as if there were nothing the matter in all the world. Eagerly Harlequin Hazard scanned the paper. He saw no glaring head-line of the deed; in fact, he found no mention of it whatever. But in a corner of the last page a brief note caught his eye:

"Shortly before twelve o'clock last night, the first floor of number 34 Craven Court was entered by a burglar from an unfastened window in an area-way. Before he could take anything, however, the burglar was scared off by the crash of an overturned vase, that startled the people of the house. There were in the adjoining rooms at the time a number of the members of the N. I. O. C., who were rehearsing their play, 'The Stolen Chart of Treasure Cove,' soon to be presented here."

"PIP,"

A CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE

HALF-WAY down Mott Street, one of the main streets in New York's Chinatown, is a dingy, old house, reached from the street by a low flight of wooden steps. Had I been alone, I should have passed this house without giving it any special notice, for it appeared just like dozens of other houses I had passed, except, perhaps, that it was somewhat more gloomy, and more suspicious-looking than the rest. Being with my cousin, however, who is well acquainted with Chinatown, we stopped, and my cousin explained that it was a Chinese Joss-House, a place of worship.

It didn't look much like a place of worship to me, with its dirty steps and dark doorway, but nevertheless, I mounted the steps and followed my cousin into a dark hallway with a flight of stairs ahead of us. These we began to climb without a word, ascending flight after flight, while glittering eyes peeped out at us from half-open doorways, until on the sixth landing, I stopped my cousin and asked him where the Joss-House was. He laughed and explained that the Chinese always build their Joss-Houses as near heaven as possible. This seemed to me plausible enough, especially as I found we had three or four more flights to ascend. Finally we reached the top landing, however, where we were confronted by a glass door. On our knocking, a Chinese attendant let us in, though not, by the way, until we had each bought a ten-cent paper of joss-sticks. We were expected to burn these to keep away evil spirits; I had often seen them used elsewhere to keep away mosquitoes.

Before looking around in the Joss-House, we banged a bronze gong three times, in order to wake up the "god," if he were asleep, as the attendant said.

The Joss-House itself is a long, narrow room, about 14 by 30 feet, having a low ceiling. On entering, you find a glass-case counter directly in front of you, where souvenirs, such as dolls, fans, china, and postals, may be bought. The room contains four shrines,—one shrine to ward off evil spirits, a shrine to the Goddess of Fate, a shrine to the Devil, and an immense shrine to Confucius. In the centre of the Joss-House is a large wood-carving that was carved by one man alone. This magnificent piece of work is over 2,000 years old, and it must have taken a lifetime to carve it. The carving is enclosed in a glass case, and is about eight feet in height. It represents life in China about 2,000 years ago, and little wooden mandarins, and ships, and temples are cut on its surface. From the walls of the Joss-House, hang large, colored, oblong signs, covered with large Chinese inscriptions. These signs are about five feet long and a foot and a half wide. They are of various colors, too, some being red, some blue, some green, and so on, and the Chinese letters are written in black across the front of each. Being curious as to the meaning of these, I inquired of my cousin what they were. I learned that the Chinese do not believe in putting gravestones in cemeteries, but instead they hang up these printed boards in their Joss-Houses, as memorials to Chinamen who have passed away. One immense sign, I found out, was hung

up in honor of the late Chinese Emperor. This tablet occupies a conspicuous place, above the altar of Confucious.

The Chinese do not believe in the Christian idea of Eternal Life, in Heaven or Hell, but on the contrary, believe that after death, the soul takes the form of an animal, according to the nature of the man. Consequently, in their belief, if a man is shrewd in this life, after death he will return in the form of a fox; or if he is crafty and cunning, he will become a panther, and so on.

This belief of re-incarnation in animal form after death, leads its followers to worthy motives, and accomplishes much good; for one of this faith, believing that every living animal is a new form of some departed person, will never abuse or mistreat any living creature, from a fly to an elephant.

The Chinese Joss-House is not, as many people suppose, a church, but is simply a place of meeting or of worship. A Chinaman has no especial time to come to his Joss-House, but comes whenever disposed, and generally to consult the gods, before any great undertaking is attempted. The Joss-House is supported by a society. Each society has its own "Joss." This especial "Joss" is the oldest in America. The "Joss" is taken care of by a "priest," who is confined in it for two years, during which time he is obliged under oath not to leave it even for a minute. He is given one attendant, who brings his meals to him and helps him in various ways. The position is a very honorable one, for the guardian of the "Joss" is equal in rank to a mandarin, who, in China, is a very high official.

As I have said before, a Chinaman always consults his "Joss" before any

great undertaking, to see if the omens are favorable, much in the manner of the ancient Greeks, who always consulted their oracles for advice on everything. A Chinaman on entering the Joss-House, first purchases his joss-sticks to ward away evil spirits, and also a cloth to kneel on, for which he pays twenty cents. Then, after banging the bronze bell three times, in order to be sure that the god is awake and will be listening to him, he slips off his sandals, and spreading the cloth before the shrine of Confucious, he kneels on it, and makes a kowtow three times before the god, touching his forehead on the floor each time, and holding his arms outstretched, with the palms of his hands facing downward. After these ablutions have been performed, the Chinaman picks up one of the many blank pieces of red paper, of about the size of laundry checks, that are lying on the altar, and writes on the paper in Chinese, what he desires from the god. These pieces of paper are afterwards pasted on the walls of the "Joss." Having written on his paper, the Chinaman leaves everything to fate. As the Chinese are inveterate gamblers, they have "The Goddess of Chance" decide whether or not the omens are favorable, and this is done in a peculiar way. Taking two long pieces of ebony, shaped exactly like the half of a banana split lengthways, they toss these sticks high in the air, and on the way the sticks fall, everything is decided. If the sticks fall both on their rounded sides, the omens are favorable, and the supplicant will have good luck in his undertaking. If the sticks fall, one on the rounded side and one on the flat side, the omens are in doubt, and nothing should be attempted until the petitioner makes another visit to the "Joss" and again tries

his luck. Should both sticks fall on the flat sides, the gods are entirely against the supplicant, and whatever he does on that day will prove unlucky. Another way to learn one's luck is to shake a jar filled with joss-sticks, until one is jolted out. Each joss-stick has a proverb on it, suppositiously of propitious or portentous significance to the Chinaman.

These two manners of learning one's fate are really ridiculous. In the first place, the sticks that the Chinaman toss up are so shaped, that 99 times out of 100, they will fall the lucky way, on the rounded surface. The second is even more sure, for every joss-stick in the jar has a favorable proverb on it, so that a Chinaman may always be right in whatever he does.

Outside the Joss House is a little balcony where one can stand at night and see the crowds below. From here Mott Street presents a very picturesque scene, with its many-colored lanterns, its quaint signs, its balcony-restaurants, its crowds of sight-seers, and last, but not by any means least, its swarms of Chinamen, with their loose black clothes and their yellow, inexpressive faces, and their treacherous-looking black eyes. Among the crowds may be seen many women who appear to be right at home amid these surroundings, and although it seems strange, it is estimated that over 150 white women live with the Chinese here. Although there are about seven thousand Chinamen in Chinatown today, the population was reduced to this number from 16,000 in three weeks, mainly on account of the

wars of the rival societies, the Hep Sing Tongs, the On Leong Tongs, and the Four Brothers' Society. Most of the Chinamen that left Chinatown have turned to farming or to laundry work.

Before leaving the "Joss," we went over to the counter to purchase some souvenirs; and the high priest, for it was he who waited upon us, was certainly a shrewd business man, getting us to pay exorbitant prices for our souvenirs. The Chinese are naturally shrewd, and as a nation they are making great progress every year.

Opium has been the curse of China, but now great efforts are being made to stamp it out, and although 93 per cent. of the Chinamen use the drug, even this is a smaller percentage than a few years ago. The few opium dens that now remain in Chinatown are open to but a favored few. One sign of China's progress is the doing away of the queue, and in a few generations the queue will be a thing of the past. Another sign of advancement is the sending of Chinese students by their government to foreign schools, and every year more and more come to be taught in the various schools of England, Germany, France, and America.

Having completed our purchases, we beat on a drum three times, so as to be sure no evil spirits were following us, and with one last look at the "Toss," we climbed down flight after flight of dark stairs, past half-open doors through which evil-looking eyes leered out at us, until, at last, we reached the street once more.

E. H. H., '13.



THE FIND

YOU see that fellow over there? Well, he has more knowledge of inside baseball than any other fellow on the squad. Take it from me, he will make his mark. Did you notice his fielding at practice yesterday? I never saw anything like it; and, believe me, when he hits the ball he has no regard for its feelings."

The speaker was the school coach, and he was addressing Jack Warren, the captain, and William Bobbs, the manager.

The object of their discussion was a tall, well-built fellow, who on this day, the second day of practice, was opening the eyes of every one by his superb fielding and batting. That the coach knew what he was talking about when he dubbed Bob Summers the best man on the squad, was not doubted by either the captain or the manager. They immediately began to take interest in the new candidate, and were soon warming up for a hard afternoon's practice.

The first game was scheduled for the following Saturday. The foregoing conversation took place on Monday, and Bob Summers improved so much that it was decided to put him at center field in Saturday's game.

The coach confidentially expected that his "find" would open the eyes of all the "fans;" but in that he was disappointed. If anybody ever played a poor game, Summers did. He went to pieces, muffing easy flies, letting grounders go by him, and playing "rotten ball." Although everybody else got a hit, he struck out five times. The game was lost, as far as he was concerned, and it was only the cool

head of Jack Warren that saved the day.

Jack Warren and Bill Hobbs, walking back from the grounds after the game, caught up with the coach. Jack greeted him with a sort of sickly smile, which seemed to say, "Your 'find' didn't do much to-day, did he?" But the coach didn't let him say it.

"See here, Warren, I know what you are thinking about, but I tell you that Summers had stage fright to-day. You may laugh, but I'll bet you that he will have a bigger batting average than you at the end of the season. Watch him next Saturday,—he's no quitter."

Then he walked off.

Saturday's game was to be an important one, and it was with some misgivings that Warren placed Summers' name on the batting order.

Just before the game started, the coach called Summers aside, and talked to him.

"See here, Summers, you've got to get over that nervousness. You've got the real base-ball in you, and I want to see some of it. Forget the crowd. They're not going to eat you. Put your mind on what you're doing, and play the game!"

All started off auspiciously for the home team, and it looked like early scoring; but with the bases full and two men out, Summers went to pieces and "fanned." As he was going to his position, the coach said to him, "Stick to it, Summers, old man."

Summers didn't make any breaks after that. He played a good, steady game till the ninth inning. The home team went to the bat with the score tied. Summers was the first man up. "Here's an out," said some one; but

if Summers heard it he did not let it appear, as he coolly selected his bat. The coach was giving him some advice.

"Forget the crowd, Summers. They don't count. Keep cool, and HIT THAT BALL!"

Summers nodded, stepped to the plate, and faced the pitcher.

"Play ball!" said the umpire.

The first one looked good, but Summers never stirred as it sped past him.

"One ball!" drawled the umpire.

Summers gripped his bat. Determination was in his face. He was going to hit that ball! He liked the next one, and swung his bat to meet it. Crack!

The sphere was already arching in its long flight. Then he put down his head and ran.

And such a noise!

The second baseman leaped high in the air, but couldn't reach the whirling ball, which sped onward over the head of the centre-fielder.

Meanwhile Summers was tearing for third base. Warren, on the coaching line, was yelling like a madman.

"Go it! you blooming hyena! Come on, now! Slide! Slide for the plate!"

Halfway between the third and the home bases, Summers put down his head and dived for the plate, with such force that he almost knocked the catcher over.

"Safe!" said the umpire.

A moment later all that was left of the ball came in from the centre-field. It was a sorry looking object. Summers had knocked the cover off the ball.

R. C. K., '13.

TO--MORROW

O To-morrow, sweet To-morrow,
All my hopes from thee I borrow:
Thy bright bubbles last a day,
Let me grasp them while I may;
Then the doubting pain and wrath
That beset to-day's rough path
On time's wings will fly away,
Will be all of yesterday,
To-morrow.

O To-morrow, sweet To-morrow,
Seeming refuge from all sorrow,
Thus I muse;-- and yet I know
One by one each hope must go,
Blasted, spurned by time away,
Till To-morrow is To-day,
Ah! Though yesterdays I'm scorning,
Watch I eager for the morning
Of To-morrow.

"Pip"

SCHOOL NOTES

A continual grinding may result in more dullness than sharpness, if care is not taken; nevertheless, fellows, keep the grindstone going!



There are moments when people of the most implicit faith feel the gloomy shadow of a doubt cross their minds, like the shadow of a cloud upon a sunny landscape—moments when that which has always seemed most simple and clear appears complex and uncertain. Doubts cannot be overcome by pursuing them and persevering in them, any more than the shadow upon the landscape can be avoided by running along in it. One must ascertain his position, to know which way to move.

There are moments when we ask ourselves, "What have we got by all our study and toil? What are the results of our labors?" The information which we may acquire in this school is not, in a great measure, of the sort to benefit us materially in this very material world of today; the knowledge that has been sown in our minds does not blossom into wisdom upon the instant; the skill we may gain is not the mechanical, the commercial, the practical skill that business cries for with its many tongues. How may we measure our gain? How shall we know that we are advancing? that we are really becoming educated? What is the test of true education?

A professor of the University of Chicago has answered these questions in a lecture to his class, by giving them thirteen questions, and informing them that he would consider whoever could answer them affirmatively to be edu-

cated in the best sense of the word. We reprint the questions from the "Canadian Teacher."

1. Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you eager to espouse them?

2. Has it made you public spirited?

3. Has it made you brother to the weak?

4. Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

5. Can you look an honest man or pure woman straight in the eye?

6. Do you see anything to love in a little child?

7. Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

8. Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?

9. Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?

10. Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?

11. Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

12. Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see the clear sky? Can you see anything in the puddle but mud?

13. Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?



The Officers' Party, which took place in the drill hall on Saturday, March 4, was a great success in every way. The music was excellent, and a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon was

spent by all those present. The grand march, headed by Taylor and his partner, was very pretty. The other members of the dance committee, Harlon, Potter, Duff, and Ready, and the aids, Logan, Adams, Hall, Washburn, and Lynch, with their partners, followed Taylor. The matrons were Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Stone, and Mrs. Rice. The dance was well attended by the officers and other members of the school. Several officers and members of other schools also were present, and some of last year's graduating class, including Wilson, Cole, Perrins, McLeod, and Schwab.



E. H. Healy, who was our reporter for Room 11, has left this school, and has entered the Dorchester High School. We are sorry to see Healy go; he is one of the few fellows who has taken advantage of the opportunity to better himself by helping to improve our school paper. We have, on several occasions, published stories of his; one appears in this number, and another, which has been submitted to us previously to his leaving school, may be used later. We would earnestly request all our school-mates to take a more active interest in their school paper; but we will beg material from no one. The promptings of necessity are often more valuable than the inspirations of some idle muse; and some one's loss through neglect may be the inevitable gain of another. The editors may find faults, but they do not complain. R. C. Kelley has been appointed reporter for Room 11.



At a dinner given on March 3, to a number of the Editors-in-Chief and the Business Managers of school papers in Boston and the vicinity, the

Editor and the Manager of "The Register" had the pleasure of making several new and interesting acquaintances. There were six or seven schools represented. Considerable satisfaction was found in the mutual exchange of editorial troubles, of course, but not nearly so much as the delight in the dinner itself.



Royal B. Young, who is a student in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, and P. H. McDonald, the Editor-in-Chief of the Roxbury High School paper, recently visited the Sanctum. Both were members of the Latin School two years ago.



The remarkable life-like portrait of our late Headmaster, Arthur Irving Fiske, which has recently been hung in the Hall, is the work of Mr. H. Lockwood, a Boston artist, and was presented to the School by the Boston Latin School Association.



The members of the track team to receive sweaters and "L's" this year are Captain Hanlon, Knudson, Levi, Ewing, Washburn, Bond, Craven, and Manager Heath.



The graduating class has been spared the exertion of knitting its brows in an effort to translate that section of the Greek Testament which has usually been read by the headmaster each year in the past on March the first. No mid-year change of program is provided for by the outline of school work that has been adopted this year.

WITH GLOVES ON

TO be able to "use his fists" is the ambition of almost every healthy boy. And it is a worthy ambition, because it breeds in the boy a spirit of manly independence that is sure to count in his favor in later life. The boy who learns to box begins his test of skill in the amateur ranks—and it is the wise boy who can control his aspirations and remain an amateur. Amateur boxing is a sport; professional prize-fighting, a business. The first is a test of scientific strength; prize-fighting is a slugging "proposition," as is demonstrated by the fact that the champion is the man with the "wallop," rather than the skilled boxer.

The first requisite of successful boxing—as in every other sport—is physical fitness. Clean living, temperance in diet, and in the use of narcotics are absolutely necessary to put one in "fit" condition to enter a boxing tournament.

Only too well do I remember my first attempts to use the gloves; but diligence had its effect, and as the result of a bout one summer day, my friends and I awoke to the fact that I might, with some confidence, aspire to amateur honors as a boxer.

About a month before the boxing tournament of a prominent athletic association, I began serious efforts to prepare for my debut as a real, dyed-in-the-wool performer. For the first week I was so weary and sore that, when released from my training quarters, I immediately went to bed, after having gone through the long list of exercises prescribed as the most beneficial which a boxer may take before retiring.

My training quarters deserve de-

scription, and I do not doubt that one could find their counterpart in many quiet corners of the city. They are a room in a cellar. Large windows are set in one side, giving free ventilation. The walls are whitewashed, thus making it easily lighted. In one corner is a punching-bag stand and in the others are boxes which serve as seats for the spectators. Said spectators are utilized, as far as possible, for sparring partners, thus giving me a variety of styles of boxing to study, a thing which is most helpful when preparing to meet unknown opponents.

But they only assist in putting the finishing touches on the day's training. Work begins the minute I awake. After taking fast, light exercise, and a cold plunge, I breakfast. A brisk three-mile walk lands me in school, refreshed in body and mind, and eager to study. My afternoons I devote to studying and then, when dinner is finished, I am ready for the evening's work. Having stripped, I attack the punching-bag for ten minutes, to loosen my muscles. Then, for one-half of an hour I go through a strenuous course of exercises to develop abdominal strength, an important factor neglected by many. Now that the edge has been taken off my ardor, the onlookers,—that is, some of them,—are willing to box with me. A few of these are more ludicrous than dangerous. For instance, one night one fellow clamored loudly to be allowed to box. When he got the gloves on he rushed at me, swinging both arms, and, wrapping himself around me, pounded me on the back as though endeavoring to break my ribs. After being pried off, he started the same tactics again. This time I was ready.

Just as he was closing in, I jabbed quickly at his nose. His head flew back, from the impetus of his rush, and he stopped in his tracks. Without a word he removed the gloves, picked up his coat, and stalked away. His opposite was a fellow who, every time he hit me, said, "Excuse me. Was that too hard?" For an hour this boxing continues, and—tall and short, strong and weak, big and small,—each one boxes one round to gain permission to watch the training. When the supply of contestants is exhausted, my "tramer" boxes three rounds with me, stopping frequently to demonstrate new punches and to correct old weaknesses.

The night of the tournament has arrived. For two days bag-punching has constituted my only exercise, and I am full of energy. Accompanied by my seconds, I have reached the theatre where the tournament is to be held, and, with the other boxers, await my turn on the scales, to show that I am eligible to box in the one-hundred-and-fifteen pound class. The majority of the fighters are cheerful fellows, shaking hands and making new friends, wishing one another good luck and showing that they consider boxing a sport to be partaken of in a friendly, fair, and clean manner. A few move about with scowls on their faces and glare at everybody as though they hated the whole world. Two of these stood watching me weigh. One of them said, "I c'n lick that guy. He looks easy." And as I stepped off the scales, I earnestly prayed that fate would throw us together so that I might change that scoffer's opinion. Then came the drawing of lots for opponents, as the final victor must be the winner of three bouts.

Each entrant reached into the registrar's pocket and extracted a small

ball with a number upon it denoting the order of entering the ring. I drew number I., and hastened away to dress, without waiting to see who number II. might be.

The most important part of one's outfit is the tape. This tape is not seen by the spectators, and is intended to protect the hands from damage. But it is easily converted into an offensive weapon. It is carefully bound around the hand to protect the knuckles and thumb, and is then folded across the back of the hand until a ridge, fully an inch thick, is formed, reminding one of the cestus of an ancient Roman boxer.

Then the gloves were treated. These were seized by the ends and twisted until all the padding had been worked away from the middle. The gloves were then fitted on, so that though innocent in appearance, there was a line of tape just under the surface that would cause a blow to land with jarring force.

Being number I. I was to fight first, so, while taping my hands and massaging my muscles, my seconds gave me my last instructions. All about me there was the bustle of the fighters getting ready for battle, but I paid no attention to them, for I was thinking of the scornful remark I had overheard while weighing in.

At last I am in the ring. The announcer, in a stentorian voice, informs the spectators that the first bout of the evening will be in the one-hundred-and-fifteen-pound class. One glance at the other corner, and I was ready to die fighting. There sat the fellow who had declared that he could whip me. The referee called us to the centre of the ring, and instructed us to break away from each other when ordered to and not to hit in the

clinch. After shaking hands, we retired to our corners. The bell rang. My first fight had begun. As I danced warily toward my opponent I felt like laughing, for the scornful one held his hands like a novice, and appeared to be waiting for me to commence hostilities. Quickly springing at him, I swung my left hand sharply and landed a crushing blow on the side of his jaw. His head shot suddenly to one side, and his hands dropped. My seconds yelled to me to hit him again. But, smiling, I shook my head, and, in less time than it takes to tell, my first opponent slowly sank to the floor, as the effect of the blow traversed his nerves. The bout was ended ere it was fully begun. A minute later, my antagonist and I were shaking hands and chatting with each other behind the scenes. My second competitor was a short Italian, who made my chest boom like a bass drum every time he hit me. His jaw was as solid as a rock, but the strongest jaw is bound to be susceptible to the constant tap, tap, tap of the opponent's glove, until gradually the recipient grows unconsciously weaker, and finally his power of motion deserts him, and he falls—to be “counted out.” And it is a fact that he quickly recovers and has sustained no actual injury. My husky fellow-gladiator fought gamely, rushing with both hands, swinging for my body and taking my blows on the jaw as though he was made of iron. I stopped him once with a straight left jab and, before he could recover, floored him with a right upper cut. Finis! My second bout was over.

Now must be told the story of my downfall. Having easily defeated two men I was over-confident, and expected to see the third fall quickly, after a few seconds of fighting. Entering the ring we were greeted by a rousing cheer. My opponent came to

the centre smiling, and clasping each other's hands, we spoke a few friendly words while waiting for the bell. I started the fight with a rush, only to find myself stopped by a stinging blow in the face. Alas! Were the tables turning? I fought with heavy swings through the whole round, but so did the other fellow.

Wearily I sought my corner at the end of the first round, outpointed at my own game of rushing and slugging by a man whose extensive boxing experience had made him a ring general. The second round I boxed, and, employing every scientific trick I knew, I was able to regain my lost ground. Two tired and bruised, but smiling boxers dragged themselves to their corners at the end of the round.

I started the third round by landing several wicked swings, which dazed my friendly enemy, but he, with a smile on his bruised lips, returned them with interest. Dazed and weary, our arms hanging by our sides, we faced each other in a neutral corner. Everyone knew that the next blow would be the last. The spectators were on their feet, as they had been ever since the beginning of the last round. Every one was silent, waiting for the finish. Simultaneously we lifted our hands to deliver that last blow. While my arm was still in the air his blow landed, with hardly enough force to jar my tired nerves. Slowly, all the while trying to drive away the numbness in my mind, I sank to my knees, tried to rise, but in vain. Then came the bell, announcing that the last round was over. My conqueror stood in the ring until I was helped to my feet, and then he grasped my gloved hand with sincere friendship. We dressed, and victor and vanquished sat like comrades, watching the efforts of the other aspirants for fame and glory. “K—C,” ’11.

ATHLETICS

The Boston High School Regimental Athletic Meet was held in the South Armory, on Saturday, March 18, and resulted in an easy victory for the English High School. This meet has been won by the English High School team for several years past. The High School of Commerce was second, with 19 points, and the Boston Latin School was third, with 13 1-2 points. The winning team piled up 37 1-2 points. The remaining points were divided among the Brighton, Dorchester, Mechanic Arts, and Roxbury Schools. The prohibition of spiked shoes took much interest from the games, and caused several of the runners to fall. The showing that our team made in the various events was rather disappointing on the whole, but this was almost counterbalanced by the splendid victory of our relay team over the fast English High School team in the last race of the meet. Much credit is due the members of the team for their excellent performance.

Knudson and Howe started the race. Knudson got ahead of his opponent and had a good lead on the first corner. He increased this a little and handed over a lead of about six yards to Captain Hanlon. Meanix slipped, but did not lose very much distance, and Hanlon gave Ewing a slight lead. Ewing ran well, but Ferguson drew up on him, and almost passed him on the third corner. They tagged the last runners at about the same instant. Levi, having the pole, held the lead on the first corner, and retained it to the finish, breaking the tape with three or four yards to spare.

The finish of the regimental relay race was very interesting and exciting, although a short time after the

start, the race had appeared dull. Our team, composed of Bond, Hill, Craven, and Potter, was matched against the English High. At the end of the third relay, our team seemed hopelessly behind, Rock being on the first corner when Potter started. Potter, however, by a great burst of speed, passed Rock just before the finish. But the judges claimed that our man failed to tag, and awarded the race to the English High School.

Hill had hard luck in the 1000-yard run. He was in the fourth position when a quarter of a lap from the end of the race, but he slipped and fell, thus losing that position. The Boston Latin juniors who won places were Cousens, Bay, and Laird. The intermediates who scored were Clapp and Gormley. Both the junior and the intermediate relay teams lost to the English High.

The summary:

60-yd. dash—Won by Grenier, H. S. C.; second, Levi, B. L. S.; third, Murphy, B. H. S.; fourth, Howe, E. R. S. Time, 7s.

300-yd. run—Won by Meanix, E. H. S.; second, Fletcher, D. H. S.; third, Murphy, B. H. S.; fourth, Levi, B. L. S. Time, 40 2-5s.

600-yd. run—Won by Read, E. H. S.; second, Johnson, M. A. H. S.; third, Hickey, R. H. S.; fourth, Donnelly, H. S. C. Time, 1m, 30 1-5s.

1000-yd. run—Won by Ferguson, E. H. S.; second, Hanlon, B. L. S.; third, Katz, M. A. H. S.; fourth, McGaffee, E. H. S. Time, 2m, 41 2-5s.

One-mile run—Won by Allen, E. H. S.; second, Canavin, E. H. S.; third, Quilty, D. H. S.; fourth, Macy, E. H. S. Time, 5m, 2 3-5s.

45-yd. low hurdle—Won by Sallo-way, H. S. C.; second, Houghton, E.

H. S.; third, Meanix, E. H. S.; fourth, Ewing, B. L. S. Time, 6 2-5s.

Running high jump—Won by Knudson, B. L. S., height, 5 ft. 2 in.; second, Grenier, H. S. C., 5 ft. 1 in.; third, Washburn, B. L. S., Smith and Salloway, H. S. C., Campbell, Howe, and Bikofsky E. H. S., 4 ft. 11 in.

Shot put—Won by Meanix, E. H. S., distance 45 ft. 10 1-4 in.; second, Connors, H. S. C., 40 ft. 5 1-2 in.; third, O'Neil, B. H. S., 39 ft. 4 3-4 in.; fourth, Wright, B. H. S., 37 ft. 1 1-2 in.

Relay race—B. L. S. (Knudson, Hanlon, Ewing, Levi) vs. E. H. S. (Howe, Meanix, Ferguson, Read)—Won by the Boston Latin School.

At the B. A. A. Schoolboy track meet in Mechanics Building on Feb. 25, our relay team, consisting of Levi, Knudson, Bond, and Hanlon, was easily defeated by the English High School relay team. The result was no surprise, as the English High team is one of the fastest in this section of the country. Levi secured third place in the forty-yard dash, beating some excellent sprinters.

The intermediate and junior track athletes held a dual meet with the English High intermediates and juniors in the drill hall on March 8. The Boston Latin intermediates won, 20-16, while the English High Juniors carried off almost everything, winning 34-2. Green, B. L. S., and Bikofsky, E. H. S., were the stars in their respective divisions.

The track team defeated the Mechanic Arts High School team in a dual meet, held in the drill hall on March 1, the score being 43-28. Knudson was again the best performer, winning first in the hurdle race and in the high jump, and third in the dash. In the 600-yd. run, while rounding one of the corners, he accidentally came into collision with Johnson, the Mechanic Arts' captain, and knocked him over. Although he won the race, he was disqualified, and the race was awarded to Sweeney of the Mechanic Arts team. Levi again demonstrated his superiority in the dash. Captain Hanlon ran his usual good race in the 1000-yard run, and Ewing showed considerable

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speed in the 300-yard run. The mile run was the only event in which our men did not participate.

Connors was the most conspicuous member of the Mechanic Arts team. He was second in the hurdles and third in the high jump and shot-put. The summary:

Thirty-yard dash—won by Levi, B. L. S.; Barry, M. A. H. S., second; Knudson, B. L. S., third. Time—4s.

Thirty-yard hurdles—won by Knudson, B. L. S.; Connors, M. A. H. S., second; Brady, B. L. S., third. Time—4 3-5s.

Three hundred-yard run—won by Ewing, B. L. S.; Craven, B. L. S., second; Levi, B. L. S., third.

Six hundred-yard run—won by Sweeney, M. A. H. S.; Phelan, B. L. S., second. Time—1m. 37 4-5s.

One thousand-yard run—won by Hanlon, B. L. S.; Hill, B. L. S., second; Katz, M. A. H. S., third. Time—2m. 59 2-5s.

Mile run—won by Walsh, M. A. H. S.; Smith, M. A. H. S., second; O'Rourke, M. A. H. S., third. Time—5m. 44 3-5s.

Running high jump—won by Knudson, B. L. S., height 5 ft.; Washburn, B. L. S., and Connors, M. A. H. S., tied at 4 ft. 11 in. Washburn won the jump-off at 5 ft.

Shot-put—won by Bello, M. A. H. S., distance 38 ft. 1-2 in.; Green, B. L. S., second, 36 ft.; Connors, M. A. H. S., third, 34 ft. 7 in.

B.L.S. M.A.H.S.

Table of Points.

30-yd. dash	6	3
30-yd. hurdle	6	3
300-yd. run	9	0
600-yd. run	3	5
1000-yd. run	8	1
Mile Run	0	9
High jump	8	1
Shot-put	3	6
Totals	43	28

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